



One more

IT One shots - I

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One more by jeongshook

Series: [IT One shots \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak hates germs but maybe for Richie Tozier he can make an exception.

One more

Eddie Kaspbrak is pretty sure he'd be better off with relatively normal parents, parents like Bill and Georgie Denbrough's or like his uncle who visits sometimes and brings him presents. His kids - Eddie's cousins - look much more normal and not at all loser-like and do not care if they get germs all over them. When he thinks about it, of course, he knows he's the smarter one because he's less likely to end up hurting himself or getting any diseases and he's fragile anyway... but somewhere deep in his mind he's also aware that this is not the norm for other kids and that his mother kind of made him this way. He knows she means well and just wants to protect him - but he shouldn't be worrying about germs and bacteria at the age of 15; he just can't help it. He's like this now. It's not like he can *escape* the habit and the mindset now when it's all he's ever known.

So he continues to take his pills like a good boy and use his inhaler the second he can feel his breathing become heavier because his asthma, at least, is definitely real. And it sucks.

So, long story short, Eddie knows this obsession with being clean is kind of weird - but it's also true that he tends to somehow ignore the urge more when he's with his friends. Richie in particular just seems to attract dirt and danger wherever he goes, and Eddie usually ends up looking just as bad, if not worse. He wouldn't give it up though, not if he can help it. Richie is his best friend, and if Richie wants to get in fights with Henry Bowers and walk around in greywater all day, well, who is Eddie to stop him? Besides, he kind of enjoys the thrill of being able to actually *do* things, to live a little, which is exactly the opposite of what his life is like at home. He does draw the line at some point though, because Richie gets as disgusting as a 15 year old boy can get, you should see his room-

"Ew, you know how unsanitary that is?" Eddie exclaims as he steps into Richie's room. It almost comes automatically now.

Richie, who has gone through a serious growth spurt in the past year and will consume *anything*, eats the leftover sandwich that's been

sitting on his drawer anyway, much to Eddie's disgust. He knows it's been there for at least half a day now and he knows Richie didn't wash his hands after getting off his bike. As Richie mockingly shows the half-chewed contents of his mouth to Eddie he can't help but smile, as if he finds it a little endearing.

"You're disgusting," he tells his best friend, albeit a little more fondly than he would've liked.

"You love me," Richie replies without hesitation, and somewhere, something deep inside in Eddie Kaspbrak suddenly feels... weird. Not natural. Tingly, kind of panicky like the beginning of an asthma attack, except somehow his breathing is fine and the feeling is not entirely negative. He ignores it because honestly, the broccoli his mother made yesterday was suspiciously crispy and burnt, so it's probably just his stomach. He does have some digestants in his fanny pack, if things get worse.

"Eddie? You okay?" Richie's voice pulls him back to reality and he realizes he's been standing there in the middle of the room, staring at his best friend while he chewed that disgusting piece of sandwich with a dumb look on his face. Now Eddie just feels awkward.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just thinking about how repelling you are."

"Sure, Eds," Richie retorts. "*Don't call me that!*" He mouths exactly on time with Eddie, who bursts out almost instinctively. "Your lines are predictable.

After that, his friend gathers the things he needs to stay over at Bill's later, and they fall back into their normal dynamic. Richie goes on about his day as if nothing happened, and, well nothing really did, it's just... weird now. Something is really-

*

"-wrong!"

Eddie sighs.

“Eddie, honey, you know how much I worry about you. What am I going to do here alone all night, when I know you’re with those boys that always hurt you?”

“They’re my friends, mom.”

“Don’t you remember what happened the last time, Eddie? Mommy had to take you to the hospital, I was so worried!” His mom towers over him in that ugly yellow sweater she only wears at home, her voice steady and calm. “My heart hurt, Eddie. You don’t want to hurt me again, do you? That’s just not right, is it?”

Eddie hangs his head. She is using *that* voice again, the one that makes him feel guilty of things he’s never meant to do. He should say something, he should explain to her that his friends would never hurt him, have never...

Richie appearing next to him suddenly surprises him, Eddie having forgotten for a moment the boy is waiting for him by the front door. “It’s okay Mrs. K. It’s just that, we do have a group project due next week, so we will just be doing homework - Eddie can even come home if we finish before sundown, but we really need him. He’s the smartest in our group.”

Richie is so smart, Eddie thinks as he watches his mother’s expression morph into something softer.

“Well, I guess as long as you call me later that everything is fine... and if it’s for homework. And you will only stay at Bill’s, I don’t want you going near that house again.”

Eddie only has vague memories of what his mother is talking about, but at the moment, he’s just ecstatic to go to the sleepover.

“Sure, I will! Thank you mom, you’re the best!” Richie is already dragging him through the front door; Eddie manages to shout a *Love you, mom!* before it closes behind them.

They fall into a comfortable silence and Eddie wonders if he should say something. In the end, he just blurts out, “Thank you. That was

really cool.”

“I just wanted to get her alone so I can sneak into her bedroom later-” *SMACK!* “Ow, Eddie Spaghetti, have you been working out? That hurt.”

He can't help but smile at Richie's teasing, however annoying and awful the fucker is. As they near the end of the street, something brushes his wrist - first he wants to instinctively pull away, or shake it off but as he looks down to see what it is, he notices it's Richie's hand bumping against his own. It could be a coincidence. It probably is. It's just that, Richie looks kind of nervous and is glancing down at Eddie before averting his gaze again. It's just that he looks like he wants...

Like he maybe wants to...

Long, cold fingers slide between Eddie's warmer ones until Richie's palm is aligned with his own; the foreign sensation from before returns in full force, something, some kind of *feeling* taking hold of Eddie. It's as if he's suddenly so excited his stomach wants to crawl up inside his body, as if he's buzzing, like he has butterflies trapped inside of him that want out. And Richie, he... he looks nervous. Not a look Eddie sees too often on him.

They walk for some more like that, thankfully not bumping into anyone on the way. Eddie doesn't know if he could handle being seen holding hands with a boy, let alone by someone who could tell his mother about it. As they near Bill's house Richie stops - Eddie means to walk on but is dragged back - but does not let go of his friend.

“So I... meant to talk to you about this,” He begins, still not letting go. Eddie glances up at him, Richie's so tall compared to him now that he has to look up like he does when his mother scolds him. “I've been thinking if I should tell you-”

Oh God, Eddie thinks. *This is it.*

“-that I like you. Have, actually for a couple months now. I didn't know if I should... you know, tell you but. Bill said I should go for it

and. Well. Yeah.”

This is really it.

Eddie is speechless for a second because Richie Tozier liking a boy, liking *him*? What?

But at the same time it does make sense somehow. It just makes sense to Eddie now. Richie always looks out for him, calls him cute and calls him names, buys him food and ice cream. Richie has a spare inhaler on him at all times, for God’s sake. Eddie is always the first person he looks for in a room, and vice versa. Eddie gravitates towards Richie like Richie gravitates towards danger, and he shouldn’t, he *shouldn’t*, but he kisses Richie there on the street like they have nothing to hide. It’s over before he knows it, a press of his dry lips against Richie’s but the feeling of it lingers.

He doesn’t know which one of them looks more surprised as they stand there in silence. Not three seconds have passed and Richie breaks out into a smile, which makes Eddie follow suit.

How does it happen that you don’t even know you like someone, even if it’s spelled out right in front of you?

Well, Eddie would have to be extremely dense not to get it now.

“I guess then you like me too?” Richie’s voice is unsure. “Or you kissed me out of pity in which case I will keep seeing your mother.”

“Richie!” Eddie exclaims, punching him in the shoulder with his free hand. Right, they’re still holding hands. “Yeah, I guess... I mean I know... I *mean*, I like you. Too. I think.”

And that’s good enough for Richie. He picks up the pace again, Eddie scrambling to keep up with his strides. His legs are too short to catch up with his freakishly tall friends sometimes.

As they round the corner to Bill’s street Richie turns to him suddenly with a genuine smile. He looks like a frog. Eddie likes his face so much.

“Just give me one more,” Richie says and holds up a finger as to verify the number. “Just one.”

Eddie looks around. “Anyone could see. A-and I don’t think it’s very sanitary to kiss someone who hasn’t brushed their teeth in like what, nine hours?” His voice crawls upwards into a squeak because as he is speaking Richie starts leaning in until his nose is almost touching Eddie’s. He smells very clean, like laundry detergent. Eddie loves that smell.

“Don’t kiss me then.”

“I won’t. There’s statistically 80 million microbes being transferred every time you kiss, so I won’t.”

Richie is really close now. “Why are you not pulling away then?” His breath hits Eddie’s face.

“I-I, I don’t – I don’t know.” He looks up into Richie’s eyes, they’re full of affection and focused entirely on him, and he shouldn’t. He really shouldn’t.

Eddie Kaspbrak hates germs but maybe for Richie Tozier he can make an exception.

He kisses him again.

Author's Note:

henlo im back at it again with the oneshots
this is honestly just reddie fluff for a First kiss
prompt, simple and sweet, hope you enjoy!
this is also posted on tumblr (my tumblr is
kkaspbrak) i am not plagiarizing myself lol. if you
want to send me a prompt you can do it on there!
<33333 feel free to leave a comment i'll love u
forever